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THE RACES AT THE SOUTH.

In a recent number of *Century* Mr. Geo. W. Cable, the author and lecturer who has lately come into notoriety, had an article in relation to the race problem in the south. For one who has grown up in the south (his boyhood's if not his present home was New Orleans) Mr. Cable expresses remarkable views. It is rare indeed that a southern man has overcome the repugnance to the negro race that generations of the relation of slave and master, of the superior and the inferior, have cultivated and developed. Should there be a case where the mental, moral, intellectual and physical superiority were with the enslaved race, and this were to continue for even two generations, the inferior but master race would be unable at once to overcome its feeling of superiority and accept the ex-enslaved as social and political equals without a sentiment of repugnance. In the case of the whites and blacks at the south the condition is not like the one suggested. There is well-known and generally admitted superiority on the part of the whites, hence there is less likelihood that the two can meet on the same plane in any of the walks of life without the whites experiencing a feeling that they are below their level, and the blacks knowing that they are above theirs. Mr. Cable, however, seems to have largely overcome the race antipathy, and taking a broad view of the question of the association of the races believes that the white and black are fast approaching each other, and that ere long it will not be a matter of pride on the part of the white that he is white nor a thing of reproach on the part of the black that he is black. He does not say so in so many words, but the tenor of his article is in that direction. In the April number of *Century*, Mr. Grady, one of the editors of the Atlanta *Constitution*, replies to Cable, and clearly demonstrates that it is impossible to force the races to mingle socially, though they may be compelled to work together politically. He is a much better authority on the subject than Mr. Cable can possibly be; not only as a southern man and a keen observer, but his position as editor of a leading journal in the south has brought him in close contact with all classes of people and made him familiar with the peculiarities, the prejudices and sentiments of the races; he has lived and does live in the thick of the fight, not as a disinterested spectator, but as one who must necessarily understand both sides. Mr. Grady declares that "race instinct," a peculiar, yet expressive and easily comprehended term, makes the social commingling of the races repugnant, not to the whites alone, but to the blacks as well. One doesn't have to go south to find that "race instinct," for it is seen everywhere. In the north, as a matter of course, it is better developed and more apparent. There it shows itself in a desire in both races to have the schools separate, to have social gatherings distinct, to have whites and blacks worship in separate churches, and so on through all the social walks of life. Mr. Gradby says:

> The negroes meet white people in all the avenues of business. They work side by side with the white bricklayer or carpenter in perfect accord and friendliness. When the trowel or hammer is laid aside the laborers part, each going his own way. Any attempt to carry the comradeship of the day into private life would be sternly resisted by both parties in interest.

This states it as it is, as it should be and as it will be. There can be no race equality socially, while the blacks and whites retain their characteristics and their respective natures remain unchanged. It may be doubted if the commingling will ever be any closer than it is to-day; there is a mutual understanding that there shall be equal accommodations, but these shall be separate and distinct; that the negro children still have school facilities equal to those enjoyed by the white children, but there shall be black and white teachers respectively, because each will prefer it; there shall be cars of equal accommodation for blacks and whites, but one race will not be welcomed into the cars of the other; colored preachers will teach, exhort and instruct the colored people and white ministers will stand before white congregations,

GENERAL GRANT.

The indications are that before another issue of THE HERALD appears General Grant will have gone over to the great majority and had his name enrolled among those of the illustrious dead. His disease is cancer at the root of the tongue, and it has been eating away at his life until it has nearly accomplished its awful work. For weeks it has been known that no earthly power could save him, and so wasted and weakened has he become that his remarkably powerful constitution can offer but slight resistance and dissolution is but a few hours distant at most. In life Grant had many enemies, but it is with sadness and sorrow that the whole nation now contemplates the death of the grim old warrior who has held so elevated a position in the nation, and who has figured so prominently in the hislory of the Republic d ring the past quarter of a century. Whatever may have been the feelings towards Grant in the past, to-day people everywhere await with saddened faces the announcement that the great warrior has at last been conquered and laid low, and if wishes and prayers could avail against nature, a people would unite in bringing about the restoration of the stricken soldier, and keep him long on earth to enjoy the honors which a grateful republic have bestowed upon him. Truly has the nation stood by his bedside these many days, and groaned when he was pained, and suffered when he was in agony.

But he is not to be spared, and with his going out there will be the departure of one whose name and fame will live through the ages and centuries to come.

THE STOCK INDUSTRY.

After vainly trying to harmonize their differences and unite under one banner for the performance of the work in hand, the stockmen agreed to disagree, and the opposing elements went ahead and perfected their respective organizations. It is a matter for regret that a union could not have been brought about for it would have made all stronger, and the future labors lighter and easier to accomplish. The objects and aims of all those interested in the industry are, or should be the same; in this Territory these objects and aims are the development of the business, the protection of the stockmen against thieves, the shielding of herds from contagious diseases, the bringing of system into the cattle trade, so that both the individual stockman and the public will be alike protected, and the general benefiting of the Territory from the enlargement, encouragement and best development of this important and fast-growing industry. As remarked, the failure to agree is to be regretted; at the same time, the disagreement is not of sufficient moment to suggest the breaking down, or even the material weakening of the movement which was started last fall, was worked up during the winter and has now culminated in the perfecting of a Territorial central association, with branches and co-operating societies in the several counties and cattle districts of Utah. The central organization also has the authorization of the National association, and as such will come in for the co-operation and support of other State and Territorial societies.

We are confident that every stock man in the Territory will soon begin to reap advantages from the convention that has just closed, discordant and inharmonious as it has at times been. The want of unity in the meetings will not appear in the workings of the association, where good only is the aim of all members.

THE Swiss Parliament has adopted a new plan for mitigating the evil of liquor drinking. Since the introduction into the little Republic of the cheap French brandies, the curse has grown to frightful proportions, and to check it the national Parliament has passed a resolution restoring to the cantons the right of local option in the matter of the sale of all intoxicating liquors, and also conferring upon the cantons the privilege of imposing taxes upon the domestic manufacture of spirits in addition to the taxes on sales. The agitation of the question extended through the Republic, and the popular sentiment was so pronounced in favor of local option that the Parliament was forced to act. The idea is that the best remedy for drunkenness lies in the substitution of light, cheap wines for spirits as a beverage, and making the price of liquors so high that the people cannot buy them.

TULLIDGE'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

After a delay extending over nine months, another number of *Tullidge's Magazine* presents itself, and as one glances over its pages he is forced to pause and express surprise that the periodical is given to delays and such irregularity in making its appearance. The editor and proprietor knows the whys and wherefores, and so also do others, and because of their knowledge do they wonder. The delays are due to no lack of energy on the part of the editor, to no want of industry, to no waiting for matter to fill the pages; the difficulty is one that no effort of the editor can overcome; it consists in a lack of that support which would move obstacles aside and achieve success in spite of opposition. In plain words, the magazine is struggling along without money, the poor, overworked, overtaxed editor having to fight against an adversity that would crush one less earnest, industrious and devoted to a purpose. Why this condition of things should exist is hard to understand, when the value, merits and character of the work are taken into consideration In the matter of literary merit, very little of the current literature excels that of the *Quarterly;* but the greatest value of the publication is found in its historical sketches, which are its distinguishing feature. Of the many books and accounts that have been written and published of and about Utah, nothing can compare with the articles in *Tullidge's* for correctness, fairness, faithfulness, and coherence; and only in this work has anything like a record of events been attempted in connection with their bearing upon what in future will be regarded as the real history of the Territory and its people. Everything that occurs is related to or has an effect upon something else, and the pointing out of this relation and the designation of the effect is the clever and careful work of the thoughtful scholar and true historian. Mr. Tullidge possesses the faculty or ability in a large degree, hence the value of his research as illustrated and recorded in his magazine. The future historian will not only gladly draw heavily from the pages of this periodical, but he will necessarily do so, for the reason that he can get the required information nowhere else. We sincerely wish that the publication would receive the financial encouragement that it deserves.

The present issue contains a most valuable paper, giving the history of Utah's formation, wherein much information is given that has never before appeared in type. The inside politics of early days is most interesting, and in the light of modern systems, judicial rulings and popular sentiment in connection with the Territory in its relation to the Federal Government, is valuable and instructive as showing how the ideas of statesmen and jurists undergo radical changes in brief periods. A large part of the number is given up to a history of Utah County, which includes sketches of its representative men. Both these are by the editor, as also is an article on Napoleon Bonaparte. Other contributors to the number Hannah T. King, John Lyon, H. W. Naisbitt, Wm. Gill Mills, and W. H. Shearman.

This closes Volume III, of the *Quarterly*.

LITERATURE.

THE SECRET OF DEATH, (From the Sanskrit) with some Collected Poems. By Edwin Arnold, M.A., author of the "Light of Asia," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Salt Lake: James Dwyer. Price, $1.

Forgetting, for the nonce, the name and, perhaps, fame, of the author, we sat down to enjoy the perusal of this volume, and at the same time to judge and speak of its intrinsic worth. We regret to say that we are much disappointed with the contents of the work, both as to its literary excellence, and the poetic talent of its author. Mr. Arnold may love to set his thoughts in rhyme and measure; he may possess a poetic vein and a love for poetry; it may be a perfect pleasure for him to present his subject in verse, but these poems cannot commend him to the world of art or genius as a poet. If there is poetry in the subject, it is lost by his mannerism and expression, and construction of his verse. His figures are illy chosen, and badly presented; and in many places his rhyme is anything but pleasing. We can say, in the language of another, "He is an amateur, nothing higher, in the art of verse." A prominent fault of the author is, he mixes his iambics and trochaics so frequently, breaks the rhythm by giving accents unnecessarily that seem to the ear and taste of the reader, like a pedestrian striking his toe against a stone when he is gazing at a loftier object. Sometimes he gives three different accents to the same word in his verses. A break of measure, occasionally, in a poem may be a relief to the ear but this occours in every "poem" long or short—in the former very often. He seems to make a point to construct compound words, hyphenating and borrowing affixes, and though his new-created words express his ideas, yet they are so common-place and unpoetic, that the stanzas, too frequently, are but simple prose strung into halting measure and rhyme. He is often guilty of adopting antiquated, obsolete or obsolescent words; and we think he has a mania to present quaint expressions, that robs the beauty of the thought by its very prosaic language; nay, we are rather inclined to believe that he views the curt sentence as a fine idea, or a poetic virtue and real poetry. His love for the use of the dash (—), making so many parentheses in almost every poem, is so common that it grates on the ear, and spoils the force and effect of the thought meant to be conveyed, showing an ability more for newspaper writing than the hand and expressive art of the cultivated poet.

The "Secret of Death" consists of thirteen fat, well leaded pages. He so intersperses the Sanskrit words, in lines, sentences and nearly whole paragraphs, that the poem is read with difficulty by an English reader, and unless very carefully, with a lack of intelligence. The subject is treated with a good deal of oriental mysticism, and its argument, to a western mind, seems not very logical. The "Secret of Death" is not divulged, except it essays to prove immortality as that secret, as instance the following, (the first part of which our readers must translate for themselves):

"Hanta chenmanyate hantun
Hataschenmanyate hatan.
Ubhau tau na vijnyanito
Nayam hanti na hanyate.

"If he that slayeth thinks 'I slay;' if he
Whom he doth slay, thinks 'I am slain'—
then both
Know not aright! That which was life in
each
Cannot be slain nor slay!"

Of that verse, the poet, or rather the Brahmin Priest says:

"Now is the next verse famous! mark it
well,
The inmost secret of thy scroll lies here,
Here shalt thou pluck from this most ancient shell
The whitest pearl of wisdom's treasury;
Moreover, in the 'Song of God' 'tis set,
And shineth in the *Sasiramatara.*

(Of course the reader knows what the last word in italics means!)

But of the immortality taught in that secret, certainly individuality is lost being swallowed up by Brahma as a river is by the sea.

The English Saheb asks very properly:

"How should the Atman, Guru! this glad
soul,
Mix and be one with Brahma—being itself?"

Priest—There is an answer in the Upanishads!

"How should this stream—our Moota-Moola
here—
Which presently is Beesa, and anon
Kishtna, and falleth so into the sea,
Be river and be sea? Yet thus it is!
The great Godaveri, who pours herself
Into the Lanka waves—is she destroyed?
Has Gunga vanished, when her sacred tides
Slacken against the main? or Brahmaputt?
Or Indus? or the five white sister-floods
Which by the mouth of Indus find escape?
Lo! these live still—though none may know
of them—
Each drop and airbell of their inland course
Existent in the vast dark water-world!
Thus it is taught—"

All this is very unsatisfactory reasoning to a critical mind, but the Saheb "thanks him reverently."

This short passage quoted, though by no means as bad as we can select, will show some of the peculiarities, which so abound, of the writer. There are seven dash marks, five notes of admiration (!) four compound or hyphenated words, the feet, however, being only broken in two places. See his little peace on

"FACIES NON OMNIBUS UNA."

"Not a life below the sun
But is precious—unto one!
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems—somewhere—beautiful:
Not a heart, however despised,
But is passioned for and prized.
Fool! who laughs at lack of graces,
Each man hath a many faces!"

This little conceit may be interesting to the author, but it is certainly hardly worth publishing to the world as having a claim to poetry. It is very faulty for so short a piece. The poem does not treat on the motto at all; the last two lines only do that, and they are very awkwardly and ungrammatically expressed. The fool may laugh at "lack" of graces, yet the preceding lines do not prove that "each man has a many faces;" it shows that each life, or eye, or heart has a quality that will please at least one person. When he says:

No eye
But seems—somewhere—beautiful!

He means to some person, not somewhere beautiful, but he fails to say so plainly. The words "passioned for" are unpoetic and inelegant if even correct. But what can we say of

Each man hath a many faces?

We sometimes say "many a man," not "many a men" and such like, and it could, at least, have been made correct by saying "Every man has many faces," though he has not many, but the author thinks it quaint and therefore good. We would like to quote largely from the book, but our space prevents us. A few examples only must suffice. He gives us a couplet in Italian, and also an English rendering in rhyme, which four lines and the caption fill a whole page. The piece is:

ON A DEAD LADY.

"Non puo far Morte il dolce viso amaro,
Ma'l dolce viso dolce puo far Morte!"

Rendered thus:

"Death cannot change her face, tender and
fair,
'Tis she who changes death, and makes him
dear."

Short as this piece is, it is not only incorrect in the translation, not expressing the thought of the Italian poet, as in the lines, but it breaks the measure in the first line, and is very bad, indeed, unallowable rhyme, and especially in so short a piece. The literal translation is thus:

Death cannot make a sweet face sour,
But a sweet face can make death sweet.

There is nothing in the Italian about the face "tender and fair," only so far as they may be found to be in the word sweet; and he does not give, in his English, what death cannot change it to. The last line is a miserable rendition. The rhyme, also, of "fair" and "dear" is bad, but only on a par with "alas" and "mess," in another poem, and the words "manner," "banner," "ran-o'er" and "dinner" in a little poem from the Spanish. The above couplet is given by another hand in letter, spirit and art much better, thus:

"Death cannot make a sweet face bitter be,
But a sweet face can make Death sweet to
see."

We quote a poem entitled

HAVELOCK IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Of course he means on a statue of Havelock. The verses are as follows:

"The foot set firm—the hand upon the hilt—
The warrior gazed—as innocent of fear
As any maid's of shame—which, past the
guilt
And blood and battle, sees the triumph
clear;

Stand so in bronze! large to thy levelled eye
In the supreme imperial peril dawning.
"*Hoc signo vinces*" shines upon the sky:
And calm as one who knows his Master's
warning

We suppose in the first stanza, the foot set firm; the hand on the hilt, (no doubt he means of the sword, but doesn't say so), the warrior gaze which, "past the guilt," etc., sees the triumph clear, stand in bronze, in the second stanza. This is certainly a jumble of things and words, inelegantly expressed and punctuated, not complete in one stanza but runs into another, as indeed to five stanzas, run so without a period. It would be hard to conceive of "supreme imperial peril dawning," as well as *Hoc signo vinces* shining upon the sky to an eye and gaze in bronze. The allusion is, we are aware, to the legend of Constantine, but it is a fancy badly conceived and as stiffly expressed. What is "calm as one who knows his master's warning?" What master and what warning? Is it the "levelled eye that is calm, or the firm foot, hand on the hilt, warrior gaze, or *Hoc signo vinces*? His half cultured ear, or perhaps his Cockney brogue makes him make the unpardonable rhyme of "dawning" with "morning." We have heard some of our "cultivated" friends pronounce aw as ar, and ar as aw—thus "the lawr of the Lawd" for "the law of the Lord," but we are unprepared to see a poet, or indeed a scholar, rhyme so imperfectly. But the next stanza:

Stand thou in bronze! Stand! What thou
wert, a rock
Whereon Rebellion's yeasty billows
breaking,
Drove wave on wave—dashed high—and
from the shock
Fell back in shattered foam; thyself unshaking.

Now, the poet told us that the foot, hand and gaze, stand in bronze, but for fear they should not continue to stand, he commands Havelock himself twice to stand, and then he is sure if he does, they will. But the figure that Havelock is a rock should have quieted his fears that they and he would dare to budge. It is an unfortunate figure besides; for Rebellion's yeasty billows never dashed against the rock Havelock. Havelock dashed against them and calmed or dispersed them; and indeed, Havelock was not "unshaking;" for because he didn't stand unshaken he made Rebellion's yeasty billows perfectly fly, but not in "shattered form," if foam can be "shattered," which is a very wrong application of the word. Whether he dashed high the wave on wave which he drove without a whip or goad, or Rebellion's yeasty waves of themselves dashed high is not very clear, perhaps because they are yeasty. The next stanzas read:

"So stand!—the busy feet of women go by
thee,
Each one to-day the safer for thy sword:
Meerut's just and valiant chief is nigh
thee,
Palmerston, Beaconsfield, the great Sea-Lord.

Well met in some far-off serenest session
The unimpassioned rest of great men
gone;
And here together set—love's poor profession!—
In storied effigy and sculptured stone."

Again he commands the commander to stand! Whether each busy foot, or each man that goes by him is safer today, he does not make clear; and we are very sure that they were not the safer for that sword—in bronze, nor his other sword, but, if that expression is not extravagant, it is for his ability to dispose of and command his army to "shatter the yeasty foam" of Rebellion's wave, if not Rebellion itself. But he calls "Beaconsfield the great Sea-Lord," if the words are any guide. He, no doubt, means Lord Nelson, but for want of the conjunction "and" before "the," we must read Beaconsfield as the great Sea-Lord. He lacks perspicuity in this place as in others, which no poetic license will permit him to be guilty of. For the sake of the rhyme, in the third line of the last stanza quoted above, he calls the work set "In storied effigy and sculptured stone, love's poor profession," instead of "Love's poor offering." His expletive imparts no sense, unless he were sitting beside us to explain his meaning. The two stanzas, above quoted, are separated by a comma or a dash, which we consider, is bad taste in a short poem, as each should be completed in itself, or if the stanzas cannot be so they should not be separated by spaces as stanzas. This is also a weakness in the author's volume in several places, and displays bad taste or want want of culture.

The next:

Ah! speaking stone, and bronze cunningly
graven
To show those champions of the English
name
Are men's hearts such, that knave and fool
and craven
Can pass ye daily, and be still the same?

We reply: Yes, men's hearts are such that those characters would not be honest, nor wise, nor brave, by seeing the group so described, not even if they could hear the speaking stone and bronze. But the champions so set in "unimpassioned rest," might inspire the brave to be braver, the loyal to be more patriotic, the other poor rascals never. In the first line the word "cunningly" breaks the iambic measure abruptly, and "graven" is certainly a poetic license to use it to stone and bronze for chisel and mould—but, then, it rhymes with "craven," so we overlook the proper term. Again:

But, true and faithful servant! Somewhere
plaining
That labor multiplies and wage is none,
Read Havelock's history, and thereby gaining
The comfort of his courage, copy one.

Who all life's chilly spring and summer
dreary
Wrought in pure patience what he found
to do,
Possessing his own soul—not once a weary—
Content, because God was contented too."

These two stanzas are clumsily expressed prose, spun out in lines. The poet turns exhorter, calling on some imaginary servant somewhere *plaining*—this word is awkward and obsolescent, in this place used for complaining. The true and faithful—both adjectives being synonymous, and therefore two syllables are used to fill up the measure merely, which weakens the expression—'servant plains "That labor multiplies and wage is none." That is certainly a peculiar condition for a true and faithful servant to be in, when "labor multiplies and he gets no wages"—that is, he works for nothing and finds himself. Now, it is a business truth that if labor multiplies wages are better, instead of being none, whatever that means. But the true and faithful is exhorted to read Havelock's history, and thereby gaining—not thereby gain—the comfort of his courage, "copy one—" so ends the stanza, without even a comma or a favorite dash.

"Who all life's chilly spring and summer
dreary."

Very rarely do poets call summer dreary, dreary; but our poet is a privileged character and makes his own language, draws his own figures, forms his own measure, and punctuates his verses in an original manner. The object of imitation wrought in pure patience (not with patience) and that patience was pure, as if we ever heard of impure patience. The word is merely an expletive to fill up the measure and is puerile. But he "possessed his own soul." We feel pleased that it was another's soul or it might have been a case of demoniacal possession. The expletive "own" is also an inelegant expletive; the passage is borrowed from the Scripture "In your patience possess your souls." Havelock was "not once aweary.' Well, that was excellent; and he was content." Why? "Because God was contented too." A grand thought surely, however the poet has got to know that fact!

In the next stanzas we have a curious mixture of words of comparison and figures, and an original way of putting them:

"Wherefrom he hived the honey that was
sweetest,
The flower of all the flowers of all alife,
A wisdom so perfected, so completest,
Great soldiers gave him place to stem the
strife:

Which never given, Havelock's highest
glory
Had lacked our knowledge, not his Master's
praise.

One splendid page been lost from Englan
tory,
But not one leaf from his immortal bays

"Wherefrom he hived his sweet
honey" is not very clear, though the
honey may have been; and what kin
of a hive it was, we don't know eve
it was the sweetest honey. We suppose
"The flower of all the flowers of all a
is another figure for his gathering th
honey into the hive, or these were th
flowers of all a life that he made the
honey from. But what does "the
flower of all the flowers of all a life
mean. But see the next line that is
best, so finest, or "so completest"
itself, as well as the wisdom: "A wi
dom so perfected, so completest"
so complete, for that wouldn't rhyme
with sweetest. The accent on the se
ond syllable in perfected is not in goo
taste, and if wisdom is perfect it is a
ready complete, without being so com
pletest. This is bad English and ba
sense, and shows the poetic calibre o
the "poet," and what connection a
thought or sense a wisdom so perfect
so completest, has with th
last line, "Great soldiers gave hi
place to stem the strife," is n
easy to learn, except it was tha
the great soldiers gave him a wisdom s
completest to "stem the strife."
"stem the strife" is a poor, weak an
incorrect figure, and he does not na
what strife. We thought that it wa
war, rebellion, or its yeasty waves he
was stemming, and not a mere discon
disagreement or contention. He sa
in the second verse, quoted above.

"Which never given, Havelock's highe
glory,
Had lacked our knowledge, not his maste
praise."

It would have been bad for Hav
lock's *highest* or *lowest* glory if it ha
lacked our knowledge; but the poe
doesn't mean that; he means that w
would have knowledge of his highe
glory—not greatest—had somethin
never been given, that is either a wi
dom so completest, or great soldier
given him place to stem the strife
whether of these two the reader ma
take his choice. What his Master
praise is, or who his Master is we ca
not just now say. The next are faulty
inelegant lines:

One splendid page been lost from Englan
story,
But not one leaf from his immortal bays

One page would have been lost, b
means, from England's history, but w
add, if that page had been lost o
blurred, two or three leaves, nay, nearl
all the leaves would have fallen fro
his bays which would have been immo

The last stanza is a senseless piece o
jargon, in which is neither meaning no
intelligence, but a kind of weak exhi
tation. Read it:

Go to! and work—God's servant—serving
men:
Bethinking how the ranks closed up, and
cried,
Way for the general, and his answer then—
You have made easy, my lads—fair fame
for pride.

The words in statics, which are in th
poem, are, no doubt, something tha
was said by Havelock in answer to wha
some one else said, "Way for the Ge
eral," which we shall know whenev
we "bethink how the ranks closed up
and cried!" One word more and w
have done.

"ON A CYCLAMEN, Plucked at Cana
Galilee, and presented to a Bride:

"Only a Flower! but, then, it grew
On the green mountains which encir
Kana-el-Jelil; looking to
The village and the little Spring

"The love which did those bridals bless
Ever and ever on you shine!
Make happier all your happiness,
And turn its water into wine."

The first stanza is the veriest pro
and poer prose at that. We cannot
understand what is "looking to" th
village and the spring. Is it Kana tha
looks to the village of Kana, that is t
itself; or is it the green mountains tha
are looking to the village and some little
spring; or is the flower which looks to
the village and spring? The new word
"en-ring" is not a happy one, nor is i
correct in that direction, and a flower
must have been a big one to have re
grown on mountains that en-ring Kana
el-Jelil. The little wish which accom
panies the flower is weak as the wate
which he hopes may be turned into
wine.

"The love which did those bridals bless
Ever and ever on you shine."

Which or what bridals? No doubt
there were many "bridals" in Kana
though we heard of but one, and we
don't know what the love of that one
was better than any other. If he means
the famous marriage at Cana, he fail
to give any intimation of it, but sup
poses, we suppose, that we will think it
out for ourselves. If the love that
blessed "those bridals" only shines on
the bride that got the cyclamen, if it is
not deeper than shining on her, it will
never make all her "happiness happier." But what water does he wish to
be turned into wine? Was it the water
of happiness, of all her happiness? Was
it the water of her love? or the water of
her life? We hope that all her water
will not be turned into wine, although
we never saw the bride. For in this
world, to a wedded couple, water is a
very useful, necessary article, especially
if the lady does a little cooking. Such
namby-pamby sentiments, so being
said, are unworthy poetry or a poet.

The reader may well be assured that
the writer who would compose and pub
lish a poem like the foregoing on so
interesting a subject to the world, can
not but give others equally as poor and
peurile in this volume. The little thing
was written in 1880, and this volume has
many with as little merit and more
demerits than we have discovered in
this piece. These poems seem to
be the shakings of the bag, or
the cleaning of the barrel that
has been the receptacle for his numerous effusions since 1857. We think
that if he gained any fame by the appearance of his "Light of Asia," this
issue of his ability will sink him, his
fame and "Light of Asia" into oblivion." The offer to give them to the
public indicates that his conceit has
blinded him, or his "Light of Asia" has
so dazzled his intellect or that he
imagines American readers have
neither culture, taste nor critical acumen.

Most of the poems in the volume are
as faulty and unworthy as these new
examined.

The mechanical make-up of the book
is excellent, and does credit to the
publishers for the low price (1.00) and if
it has any success at all in America,
that success must be attributed to the
high standing, honorable character and
efforts of the publishers.